

Raleigh Tribune.

DAILY

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THE TRIBUNE IS REPUBLICAN, BUT IT IS THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

Second Edition

MONUMENTAL HUMBUG

Senator Gallinger Wants to Blot Out the Civil Service Law.

SOME CONSPICUOUS ABSURDITIES

TURPIE ON ELECTION OF SENATORS BY POPULAR VOTE.

Tariff Debate in the House Tame Compared With Previous Debates—Dalliver Makes a Funny Speech and Makes Everybody Laugh.

Washington, March 23.—The Senate indulged to-day in an almost one-sided discussion of the civil service law, and its administration. The matter came up in the shape of a resolution offered by Mr. Allen, directing the Committee on Civil Service to inquire into the dismissal of some half dozen employees (microscopists) of the Bureau of Animal Industry in South Omaha, Nebraska.

His assertion was that the dismissals were for political reasons.

Mr. Gallinger does not favor the proposed investigation because it would bring out so many hundred other like grievances, and Mr. Hoar objected to it on the same grounds, saying that such a herculean task should not be thrown on any committee at this special session. The civil service law, as administered, was characterized by Mr. Gallinger as "a monumental humbug." He favored blotting out the law and returning to a condition of things that would "give to every man and woman an equal right to hold office with every other man and woman."

This declaration of principle was applauded by the galleries; and the galleries were appropriately lectured by the Vice-President on that breach of propriety. Various instances of absurdities in civil service examinations were furnished by Senators—Mr. Gallinger mentioning the requirement of would-be compositors in the government printing office that they should hop twelve times on one foot; Mr. Wilson saying that civil service examinations had been ordered in His State for a cook in the penitentiary and a sawyer on an Indian reservation; and even Mr. Hawley, who had been a member of the House Committee, which reported the law originally, admitting that the law had fallen into a state of conspicuous incompetency" and giving, as an illustration, the fact that when an army engineer officer in charge of a public work on Long Island Sound had selected a competent inspector in the person of a steamboat captain, who knew every rock and sand bar in the neighborhood, the commission sent to him a school master from Rhode Island." The only Senator who defended the law and its administration was Mr. Lodge.

The upshot of it all was that Mr. Allen's motion was agreed to without a division, but amended so as to instruct the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment to inquire and report whether the civil service law should be continued, amended, or repealed.

Mr. Turpie (Democrat, Indiana), made an argument in favor of a constitutional amendment to make United States Senators elective by popular vote instead of by State Legislatures.

He summed up his argument in these words:

"The pending amendment is in strict accordance with the great precedent of progress and advancement set forth in the preamble to the constitution. Our purpose is to form a more perfect union by bringing the national Legislature in complete accordance with the legislative assemblies of the States; to establish justice by granting to the voters of the States that equality of suffrage, which the present system denies; to perpetuate the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity by further and nobler recognition of duties and rights inherent in all citizens, so that the supremacy of the people, never gainsaid, so often with lips closed, with the tongue asserted and maintained, shall at last be and become a vital force, a living presence, a fact accomplished in the government of the republic. This will give to our past its full meaning, to the future hope yet more abundant, for the present it would place a fixed star in the galaxy of progress, in all the latitudes of liberty throughout the world."

At the close of Mr. Turpie's remarks, the Senate went into executive session. After a short time the doors were reopened and legislative business was resumed.

These three bills were passed by the Senate:

Directing the Secretary of War to supply a thousand tents to shelter and relieve the sufferers from the flood in the Mississippi river; to establish the official survey of fractional townships in Nebraska; to amend the act repealing the timber-culture laws.

The latter bill was explained by Mr. Pettigrew to be the same as was passed by both Houses last session, but which the President has been "too busy fishing" to sign.

The Torrey bankruptcy bill (modified) was reported and was, on motion of Mr. Hoar, made the unfinished business, not to be called up immediately, however. A constitutional amendment to make the 10th of April inauguration day was introduced by Mr. Hoar.

At 3:45 P. M. the Senate adjourned until to-morrow.

HOUSE.

Washington, March 23.—The second day's debate on the tariff bill was some-

thing of an improvement over that of the first day, although Mr. Dockery's statement early in the day was, and is, correct that up to this time the debate, compared to those which have preceded it within the present decade, is tame and uninteresting.

The event of the day was the speech of Mr. Dooliver. He held the attention of the whole House, Republicans and Democrats alike, for over an hour, and kept his hearers laughing from start to finish by his humorous descriptions of the effects of free trade or tariff for revenue laws. His eloquent periods in advocacy and defense of the protective tariff policy aroused his political associates to a high state of enthusiasm.

Other speeches in favor of the bill were made by Messrs. Gibson (Tennessee), Lacy, Newlands, the latter of whom spoke from the standpoint of an opponent of the Republican party's financial policy, but an advocate of protection.

Prosperity, he claimed, would never be restored to the country until the old-time parity of silver with gold was re-established.

Speeches in opposition to the bill were made by Mr. Dockery, who attacked the agricultural schedule, particularly, and Mr. McLaurin, who advocated a tariff on cotton and rice, and announced his opposition to the policy of free raw material. He demanded that the cotton planter should not be plundered by the whole world, while the wheat-grower was protected against his near neighbor. He expressed his purpose of offering amendments placing a duty of 2½ cents per pound on all imported cotton, and 2 cents per pound on rice as a matter of simple justice to the South.

The demand for free wool or a reciprocal duty thereon by Mr. McLaurin, was applauded by the Democrats and Populists. While in the course of his speech, he was contrasting the rate and extent of the growth of the wealth of the manufacturing States north and east, as compared with that of the Southern States, Mr. Linney (Republican, of N. C.) asked paraded with that of the Southern States, did not build factories and thus secure the advantages of the eastern and northern States, instead of "cussing" the more fortunate sections of the country.

"The presence of Republicans and Populists in those States," answered Mr. McLaurin, "makes it impossible for us to get money for these improvements." (Laughter and applause).

Mr. Swanson agreed with Mr. Newlands that the re-habilitation of silver as basic money was an essential prerequisite to prosperity, and Mr. Cochran contended that the reason why factories ceased operation was because the people had no money with which to buy their products.

The Senate joint resolution, appropriating \$5,000 to enable the Secretary of War to purchase tents for the household victims of the Mississippi river flood was agreed to.

At 5 o'clock a recess was taken until 8 the evening session to be occupied on the tariff bill.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

DEATH BY WIND AND WATER

A GEORGIA TOWN NEARLY LIFTED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

A Family of Five Killed—Eight Persons Were Overtaken by the Flood and Were Drowned.

Chicago, March 23.—A special to the Tribune from Eufaula, Ala., says:

This city is central in a section which was swept by a tornado yesterday in which death and disaster has played a dreadful part. For several days there has been summer mildness all through southwest Georgia and Southwest Alabama, the country tributary to the Chattahoochee river. On Sunday the thermometer went up to eighty, and the air was oppressive. Yesterday morning leaden skies and increasing wind pressure preceded a storm which came sweeping along with terrific force. Shutters and roofs gave way, and for two hours there was terror and desolation, when the tornado passed off the northwest, coursing along the Chattahoochee Valley.

The reports now coming in of the terrible devastation. The town of Blakely, in Georgia, was nearly lifted out of existence. People in doors were as badly knocked about by breaking and falling timbers as were those on the outside, who were unable to dodge fence rails and other flying missiles.

From Henry county, Alabama, and Abbeville, there come stories of death and wreck. A family of five persons are reported killed near Georgia.

A second disaster, that of floods, is now upon the country. The rivers and creeks are swelling with the rainfall which almost resembled a cloudburst in its copiousness. On both sides of the Chattahoochee, south of this, the fields are overflowed, destroying all the winter's work of preparation, carrying away cabins and other flying missiles.

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SITUATION UNCHANGED

Appointment of Judge Still Awaiting a Decision.

PURNELL'S FRIENDS ARE CONFIDENT

WESTERN MEN DO NOT CONCEDE THEIR DISCOMFITURE.

MILLIKEN'S APPOINTMENT DELAYED—

Boyd a Welcome Visitor at the White House—Active in Behalf of His Friends.

Special to The Tribune.

Washington, D. C., March 23.—Milliken's appointment as Marshal of the Western District was not sent to the Senate today, according to yesterday's understanding. The delay is due to pressure of business in the Attorney General's office.

While every indication points to Furnell's appointment as Judge of the Eastern District, as yet Senator Pritchard has made no recommendation in the matter. Judge Timberlake said today that he was out of the race, but will remain here until Saturday as a disinterested spectator. He questions the accuracy of The Tribune's correspondent's information as to the contents of Governor Russell's telegram to the President endorsing Mr. Furnell.

The aspirants in the Western District do not concede Purnell's appointment. On the contrary, they express great confidence in their own selection. They see in the President's qualified

purpose to appoint a resident of the district, "if a suitable man is presented," the probability of a western ap-

pointment. There is no doubt of Sena-

tator Pritchard's inclination to recom-

mend Purnell, and the delay in sub-

mitting his endorsement is due to a

great anxiety to avoid any mistake in

the matter. Final action probably will not be taken until next week.

Col. James E. Boyd is a welcome vis-

itor at the White House, and he re-

turns home tonight not in the least

disturbed about the delay in his ap-

pointment. He has seen the President

every day in behalf of friends.

If Mr. Bailey feels any disappoint-

ment about the marshalship he does

not show it. During his stay in Wash-

ington his rooms have served the pur-

pose of Republican headquarters. He

made a good impression here and there

is much regret among his friends that

he did not receive the appointment.

J. B. H.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

The President Respects Four Men Sen-

tenced to be Hanged.

Washington, March 23.—President Mc-

Kinley this morning granted a respite to four men who were to have been hanged at noon to-day at Santa Fe, N. M. A

telegram directing a stay of execution for ten days to enable the President to

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EXECUTIVE OFFICE.

Many Appointments Made and Commissions Issued—Three Raleigh Men Appointed.

Governor Russell yesterday appointed Mr. J. C. L. Harris, of Raleigh, a commissioner of the Department of Agriculture from the State at large for a term of four years from March 8th, vice J. L. Ramsey, resigned. Mr. Harris is honored above his fellows; he has been appointed a trustee of the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and made chairman of that board. He is a member of the Board of Internal Improvements, and a commissioner of the Department of Agriculture, besides being Wake county attorney.

The Governor also appointed Mr. R. Chamberlain, of Raleigh, a trustee of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts from the Fourth Congressional District, vice B. R. Lacy. His appointment is for a term of two years, dating from March 8th.

Quartermaster General of Ordnance, with rank of Colonel, E. G. Harrell, of Raleigh, was another appointment.

Howard Alston, of Littleton, was appointed Judge Advocate General with the rank of Colonel.

The following commissions were issued:

Lieutenant New Bern Naval Reserve—R. S. Primrose, of New Bern.

Second Lieutenant Charlotte Light Infantry—James C. Graham, of Charlotte.

Ensign New Bern Division of Naval Reserves—W. T. Hill, of New Bern.

Lieutenant (Junior Grade) New Bern Division of Naval Reserves—Tom C. Daniels, of New Bern.

Third Assistant Engineer Wilmington Division of Naval Reserves (Rank of Ensign)—E. M. Danforth, of Wilmington.

Ensign Wilmington Division of Naval Reserves—H. L. Miller, of Wilmington.

Lieutenant Wilmington Division of Naval Reserves—H. H. McIlhenny, of Wilmington.

A MEMORIAL EXHIBIT.**The Largest Block of Mica in North Carolina Now in the Museum.**

A recent and highly prized acquisition to the State Museum is a huge block of mica weighing 104 pounds. It contains about \$400 worth of this valuable commodity. It occupies a case in the mineral department and attracts much attention.

The following is written upon the card which is attached to the exhibit: "Memorial exhibit crystal of mica, weight 104 pounds; from Bowers Bros' Mica Mine, Macon county, exhibited by their devoted mother, Mrs. M. L. Bowers, of Chicago, and Junaluska Lodge A. F. & A. M., Franklinton, N. C."

The Bowers brothers were natives of Chicago, and operated a mica mine in Macon county. Both have recently died. Their mother presented the Junaluska Lodge with the specimen and now both join in loaning it to the State Museum.

ANOTHER FINE SPECIMEN**Of the Barred Owl for the State Museum—Killed Yesterday in Capitol Square.**

A very fine specimen of the Barred owl (*Lynxus nebulosus*) was killed yesterday about one o'clock in capitol square. The bird was shot by Mr. Marshall De Lancey Haywood. He used a shot gun and two shots were required to bring down the game.

When first discovered the owl was seen flying about the trees after the squirrels, of which there are quite a number always gamboling upon the green or among the branches of the trees.

Mr. Haywood's first shot completely missed the mark. The second, however, took effect in the bird's head and he tumbled to the ground.

Prof. Brimley, of the State Museum, now has the owl and will stuff him for the museum.

Supreme Court.

Appeals from Eighth District argued. Thomasville Shooing Club vs. Thomas; by Rapier for plaintiff and Walser for defendant.

Morrison vs. Craven, two appeals; by Jones and Boykin for plaintiff and W. G. Means, Burwell, Walker and Cansler for defendant.

Opinions were handed down as follows:

Waller vs. Sikes, from Granville; reversed.

Rittenhouse vs. Street Railway, from New Hanover; new trial.

Huss vs. Hill, from Duplin; judgment of court below affirmed.

Commissioners, etc., vs. Sutton, from Lenoir; affirmed.

Nimocks vs. McIntyre, from Cumberland; new trial.

Riggin vs. Lampkin, from Warren; affirmed.

State vs. Melton, from Anson; affirmed.

State vs. Boggan, from Anson; affirmed.

Clark vs. Peebles, from Halifax; affirmed.

The appeals from the Ninth District will be called on next Tuesday, March 30th, as follows: State vs. Combs, Land Company vs. Crawford, Trust Company vs. Forbes, Shoer vs. Wheeler, Worth vs. Simons, Eller vs. Church, Stamper vs. Stamper, Venable vs. Key, Boyd vs. Reded, Shoer vs. Wheeler, Wray vs. Sewing Machine Company, Henderson vs. Williams, Stamper vs. Hall.

Wants the Whale.

Prof. H. H. Brimley of the State Museum has written to parties in the eastern part of the State for the skeleton of the big whale recently killed off Cape Lookout. It is said to measure 45 feet. However the impression now is that it is of the same species as that now suspended in the museum. If it is Prof. Brimley will not want it. He has not heard from the parties as yet.

Prof. Gentry and his company of animal actors will exhibit under canvas at Hargett and Person streets Wednesday and Thursday nights, March 24 and 25, with matinee on Thursday at 3 p. m.

Prof. Gentry has the largest and most valuable collection of educated dogs and ponies in the world. The exhibition which is very amusing and interesting, is especially attractive to ladies and children who delight in the marvelous performances of these handsome and intelligent animals and will certainly embrace the opportunity of seeing this troupe of animal actors, famous the world over.

Admission: Adults, 20 cents; children, 10 cents.

A Bright Future in Store.

Winston-Salem, N. C., March 23.—The city has for weeks past been almost inundated with the incessant rains, but last week when the sun came forth, our people put on their armor, as it were, and are proceeding to business. All around the city are evidences of repairing, improving, building and business generally is picking up and, too, is gladly welcomed by the large number of mechanics and laborers, who have been living from day to day for the past three or four years. A bright future is in store for our Queen City with our pushing, progressive business men and fine resources and prospects of railway facilities which when completed, will be unsurpassed, and, too, with a Republican President and the Congress Republic, no wonder our people hall the new era that is in store for a progressive people.

Rev. Howard Rondthaler, assistant pastor of the Moravian Home church, Salem, delivered the address at the anniversary exercises of the Y. M. C. A. at Charlotte yesterday.

E. D. Stanford passed through the city today for home from Washington City.

Nearly 300,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco was shipped last week. The stamp sales amounted to \$17,186.46.

State Chairman A. E. Holton left yesterday for Surry county, and his many friends who are numbered by legion are gratified that he is to be district attorney. No man in North Carolina is entitled to higher honors than our honored chairman and highly esteemed citizen.

Mr. A. C. Lehman, who has been spending a week in Washington, spent Sunday in the city. He left for home yesterday with his daughter, Miss Eva who has been visiting the family of W. P. Ormsby.

Lieutenant Governor Reynolds is quite sick with grippe at his home at Sunny Side.

Frank Benbow passed through Winston from Washington yesterday. The writer thinks he was one of the best reading clerks the House of Representatives ever had.

Mr. M. F. Masten and Mr. S. A. Sides went to Statesville last Saturday to stand the civil service examination. They returned home yesterday.

The Ciceronian Literary Society, of Davis military school, will give a celebration next Friday night.

Winston has purchased a street sweeper, which is a very valuable acquisition to the city.

The farmers of the county report the prospects for a fine wheat crop excellent. They say the outlook was never better at this season.

Mrs. J. H. Cleverly gave a reception to the Salem Academy pupils a few nights ago. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season.

M. T. F. Christ, of Salem, celebrated his 50th birthday on Saturday last. Though blind, he is hale and hearty and jolly as a boy. He is one of the oldest citizens living in Salem.

The Forsyth and Stokes branch of the "Farmers' Mutual Insurance Association" held their second annual meeting last Saturday. They elected Dr. E. Fulp, of this county, president and Mr. W. A. Blair secretary. They represent the association flourishing and growing.

Our townsmen Jerry Resess is making the preliminary survey of the proposed Stone Mountain Branch Railroad, which taps the Wilkesboro extension near Elkins.

Mr. H. S. Hardy is in the city on business. Also Mr. H. M. Jones, of Raleigh is here for a few days.

Ex-Editor J. P. Cook, of Concord, was in the city last week.

Mr. C. M. Trasser, of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting in the city.

Mrs. Clement Manley is on an extended trip to Baltimore, Md.

State Senator S. F. Shore was a visitor to Winston yesterday.

Mr. W. F. Burbank, owner of the Daily Sentinel, who lives in Los Angeles, Cal., is on a business trip here. He has mounted a large cardboard house, tent, centipede, tarantula, trap spider, and the deadly scorpion. They are preserved in their natural manner and look intensely life-like.

The death of W. G. Burkhead, who was well known here, was heard with sadness by many friends. The writer knew him many years ago when he was editing J. S. Carr's paper at Durham, the "Tobacco Plant."

The "Willing Workers" of the First Baptist church will give a most unique entertainment at the Armory next Monday night for the benefit of their proposed new church. The exercises will be entirely new and instructive, consisting of a varied program of features, particularly fitted for the juveniles. One hundred and fifty children will participate.

Ex-Judge Wilson is quite ill at his home here. He has a complication of diseases.

The street commissioners are making extensive improvements in the conditions of the streets of the city.

From Wilmington.

Wilmington, N. C., March 23.—Mr. Thomas Fulford, the farmer, who recently discovered the Spanish gold coin of the year 1837, has been besieged by visitors desirous of seeing the curiosity. Some advance the theory that the coin belonged to the treasure buried by Captain Kidd in "yo' old tyme." Your correspondent has not seen the coin yet.

Whooping cough is almost epidemic here and chickenpox cases are not scarce.

Mr. E. G. Jones is seriously ill with typhoid pneumonia.

Mr. D. E. Chasten died last night from kidney trouble. A wife, three children and one sister survive him. The deceased for many years had been a weigher and inspector of naval stores. The funeral takes place tomorrow.

An interesting series of lectures on the Bible is now in progress at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium.

News reached here Sunday of the killing of Frank Baker, colored, at Dudley, Wayne county, on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad late Saturday night last. Baker was shot in cold blood by some unknown party.

Baker was decidedly unpopular in Dudley and was considered a "bad nigger."

The political situation has undergone a few changes since my last communication. David B. Sutton says it's all false about Dr. S. P. Wright being intended for Mayor instead of David B. This declaration "cuts no ice" with those who know better.

Rumor says the Governor has selected the five men, whom he intends to appoint as aldermen, and they are all Republicans. It is doubtful if any good Democrat could have been prevailed upon to accept any favors from the Governor.

Many of us of the opinion that the Democrats will take down one candidate for alderman in each ward and vote for five instead of ten. Then the constitutionality of the last city char-

ter amendment may be tested before the appointed aldermen qualify. If this is done and the amendment is overthrown by the Supreme Court there is a very strong probability that a Democratic Mayor and a practically Democratic board of aldermen may be the result. The plan upon which the Democrats intended to act at the outset is evidently a little weak in the knees at present. As before stated in The Tribune, they intended to ignore the present law and to proceed under the old one, but it is obvious that there is no justification for such a plan. A law remains on the statute books it must be enforced and all proceedings to the contrary are illegal. As to the matter of the constitutionality of the law that is a matter for the Supreme Court to decide and not the people.

As yet the Democratic county executive committee has made no change in the plans. To request one candidate to withdraw in each ward would make no little bitterness. The "extra" candidate from the Third ward has already been re-elected three times. When he first took his seat he selected the venerable Judge Culberson as his counselor and guide, told him frankly that he expected to attract attention in the House, and asked the quickest way to go about it.

"Ride a hobby, my boy, ride a hobby!" was the old judge's advice.

Bailey accepted it, and promptly took

charge of the constitution of the United States. It was constitution this and constitution that. He almost wore his hobby out, but never allowed it to come between him and his friends. He is the youngest Democratic leader the party ever had in Congress, being now in his 34th year. The statement that he resembles Bryan is nonsense.

THAT TOUR OF INSPECTION.**Prof. John E. Ray Visiting Prominent Institutions.**

Prof. John E. Ray of the Blind Institute left yesterday on the extended tour of northern cities, a detailed forecast of which has heretofore been published in The Tribune. It will be remembered that Prof. Ray's purpose upon this tour is to inspect the equipment of a number of foremost deaf, dumb and blind institutions and that he is to be out very probably until April 15. His trip will carry him as far north as Ontario, Canada, as far east as Boston, and west as far as Lansing, Mich.

Bailey of Texas.

"Young Bailey of Texas," as he is everywhere called, is at the Hoffman house. He has done tolerably well for a youngster. At 26 he went to Congress, and has been re-elected three times. When he first took his seat he selected the venerable Judge Culberson as his counselor and guide, told him frankly that he expected to attract attention in the House, and asked the quickest way to go about it.

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State Treasurer Worth.

From the Greensboro Record.

It is announced that the state treasurer has notified the heads of state institutions that he will not pay out the money appropriated to them by the last legislature.

What kind of state administration have we got anyway? The governor has reversed the state machinery as far as he can; and now comes Father Worth and says he will be — (no, we were thinking of the governor, excuse us) he will not pay out money which the legislature and the law say he must pay out on the warrant of the auditor.

The state institutions owe money and expect to pay out of the appropriations. What right has a state executive officer to defy the legislative department?

We think our Guilford county friend handling the state finances had better go slow. The law is bigger than he is. He ought to pay as long as the money holds out. That is his duty.

Killed at High Point.

From the Greensboro Record.

Frank Hoskins, a young white man about twenty years of age, was killed at High Point Saturday night by a freight train. He was on the track, asleep or unconscious. The engineer of the train says he saw something on the track ahead of him, but could not tell what it was, but even if he had known that it was a man he could not have stopped his engine.

The accident happened at what is known in High Point as the Asheboro cut. An inquest was held by the coroner and a jury yesterday, but the official verdict has not yet been received here.

Keeping Up the Character.

From Puck.

The Valet: "You mustn't mind the master, Thummus. He isn't over the effect of that blooming ball yet."

The Butler: "Yes; but I'll not 'ave 'im callin' me a caitiff han a varlet ha sayin' in' hoodooks hand hodsbooks to me, doncherknow!"

To-Day.

Wait not till morrow, but forgive now; Who knows what fate tomorrow's dawn may bring?

Let us not part with shadow on thy brow, With my heart hungering.

Wait not the morrow, but entwine thy hand,

In mine, with sweet forgiveness full and free;

Of all life's joys I only understand

This joy of loving thee.

Perhaps some day I may redeem the wrong

Repar that fault—I know not when or how,

The Ballad of Ki Gudger.

"I shore will be the next minister to Brazil."—The Hon. Ki Gudger of North Carolina.
We now recall Ki Gudger's home Upon the French Broad River, Where rock-ribbed sheep and cattle roam And moonshine toddles shiver; We oft since then have seen the foam On other waters quiver, But never like the fickle foam Upon the French Broad River. Can we forget Ki Gudger's home Upon the French Broad River? Although to Rio he may roam, He's still of French Broad River.

Our boat kept measure with its ear, The music rose in snatches From tuckets singing on the shore, While tending Gudger's patches; His wild notes wavered on the air And touched the heart and liver Of many and his party there Upon the French Broad River. Can we forget Ki Gudger's home Upon the French Broad River? Although to Rio he may roam, He's still of French Broad River.

Li Gudger go to hot Brazil, To land shiver, The star that shines upon his heel Will drown there forever; And though he may hobnob with kings, Li Gudger's heart his liver At last will turn his weary wings Home to the French Broad River. Can we forget Ki Gudger's home Upon the French Broad River? Although to Rio he may roam, He's still of French Broad River.

FREE-COINAGE CRAZE DYING.

Texas, Kansas and Missouri Return to Reason.

Dexter, Mo., March 22.—After spending three weeks in Missouri, Texas and Kansas I can say that free silverism is dying out in its southwestern stronghold. The people now talk about the craze dissipately and with reason. The verdict is that it was the ghost of the greenback craze which set the farmers wild in 1866. When I asked O. D. Austin of the Bates County Record what caused the stampede he said:

"The farmers were deceived. They thought free coinage would be a continuation of the old coinage acts, when the government bought silver at its market price coined \$625,000,000 worth of it, and guaranteed every dollar as good as gold."

"And what have they found out since?" I asked.

"They have found out that the mine owners don't want that. They want it fixed so that the mine owners can make the profit on coined silver and not the government. They find the mine owners wish to take their 50-cent silver to the mint, have it coined, and handed back to them worth a dollar like the \$625,000,000 which have been coined. The farmers have found out that this would only enrich the mine owner at the expense of the people, and give the farmer no better money than he had before. The farmers have at last found out that they are 'not in it,' while the mine owner, with free coinage, would treble his wealth."

The farmers kept saying when Cleveland was buying gold to pay the expenses of the government, "Why don't he pay silver for gold?" It has now dawned on the farmer that the government bought gold for something worth less than coined silver. It bought gold for paper. The government gave a paper note. If it had bought gold with coined silver, it would have paid fifty cents worth of silver and fifty cents of guarantee by the government. It has dawned on the farmer that the \$625,000,000 silver dollars coined by the government, and which the farmers are laying, have not been demonetized at all. The people's money is all right, but the silver in the ground was demonetized, and they say: That don't hurt us farmers, we don't own any of it, and that won't hurt the mine owner either, if he will let it alone."

"Then," continued Mr. Austin, "when Bryan kept saying in all his speeches that gold has appreciated, that it had come up and our gold dollar was worth 50 cents, the farmer said: 'What are we selling our wheat and cotton for? Why, we are selling our products for this double-priced gold, where a dollar is worth 50 cents. We are getting twice as much value for our corn and pork as we will get if we have free coinage and drop the price of gold.' They now see that Bryan was lying to them. Bryan said the gold bug bankers are cornering the gold, and now the farmers see the banks full of gold and it is as free all over Texas and Missouri as silver or paper."

"Then the free silver craze has petered out."

"Yes, gone. It will never be a campaign issue again. Intelligent farmers are ashamed of it." ELI PERKINS.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Shall the United States Be Represented by Gen. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland.

Washington, March 22.—There is a good deal of talk here about the representation of this country at the "Queen's Jubilee" during the approaching summer. It is desired by some people that the United States shall make a gorgeous display among the foreign powers in London upon that occasion. If there be no general disturbance of the peace of Europe before summer, sovereigns and princes and grandees of all kinds will flock to the capital of the United Kingdom to render honor to her Britannic majesty, upon the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne. Behind them there will be representatives from Asia and Africa and parts of America; many nations will send their special plenipotentiaries to grace the festive celebration.

The question has arisen, how shall the government of the United States be represented in the procession? Some people think that Ambassador Hay alone would not fill the bill, and would not be able by himself to render due homage to the queen. They desire that a special and illustrious embassy shall be sent to London from this country.

It has been suggested that, as there are two living Americans who have filled the office of President of the United States, these are the men who would constitute such an embassy as would surely be welcomed in England. It is said that Gen. Benjamin Harrison and the Hon. Grover Cleveland were commissioned for the service; if they were sent across the ocean in an American man-of-war; if Congress were to make a suitable appropriation for their use; if they were made the bearers of such a gift to royalty as would be worthy of its acceptance; if Congress were to adopt a memorial befitting the occasion, the glory of the United States among the powers of the world ought to be immeasurably advanced.

There are differences of opinion on the subject. Not a few people believe that this government will be well enough repre-

resented at the royal festivities by the

American ambassador to England; and the country will be all the better satisfied in the opinion of these people shall prevail over that of the men, and that of the women, who favor the idea of sending the Hon. Grover Cleveland and Gen. Benjamin Harrison.

IT RAINED OYSTER SOUP?

Queer Yarn of an Engineer and How He Saved His Train.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

He was more than an ordinary accomplished liar for an amateur, and they all knew it when they asked him for a story.

"I can tell you how I once ran an engine and saved a train load of people with an oyster stew if you want to know, but I don't think of anything more exciting than that," he said, apologetically. "That's good enough," they declared. "Give us that."

"All right, then; here goes," he said, as he settled back in his chair. "I was once engineer on a road that ran for a long distance through the forests of northern Wisconsin, and we were frequently bothered by forest fires. They were particularly bad at the time I speak of. One day I had run through one big blaze, only to find that there was a bigger one ahead. The worst of it was we were low on water, and there was no chance to fill the tank without dashing through the fire ahead of us. I sent the fireman out to see if we had enough to make the run, but he came back and told me the boiler was almost dry.

"I was puzzled for awhile. It was death to all of us I knew to stay here, but how to get out was the question. Suddenly a happy thought struck me. There was a milk car just behind the first baggage, and I made for it. 'How much milk have you got?' I says to the fellow in charge. 'About forty cans, I guess,' he answered. 'Do you ask?' 'Never mind,' says I. 'What's that in those cans in the corner?' 'Oysters,' he answered. 'But why do you want to know?' 'Never you mind,' I told him, and then I ordered the other train hands who had come up to see why we had stopped to tote that milk and those oysters up to the engine. They did it in spite of the kicking of the milkman, and when they had brought them up I ordered them all chucked into the tank. The conductor came up, too, and declared it was a funny notion to be making oyster stew in an engine boiler, when we were in danger of being burned alive, but I soon convinced him that it was necessary if we did not want to stay there and roast.

"Well, we finally dumped in all the milk, and all the oysters and started ahead. You ought to have smelled the steam that came back into that engine cab. It would have made you think of an old-time church festival. Whew! how that soup did smell. It made the engine jump, though, and that was all we wanted. We got up a great head of steam in no time, and the way we plunged through that next fire belt was a caution. As we pulled up at the station, just beyond I opened up and began to whistle. A great cloud of oyster soup or vapor shot into the sky, of course, and didn't come down till we were far out of sight. Then it settled like a thick fog, oysters, soup and all. Everybody noticed it, of course, and there was a country scientist in the town who was sure it was the greatest phenomenon of the age. It was raining oyster soup up there he was sure, and the next issue of the weekly papers were full of it—not the soup, but the news of it. After the residents up that way had all swallowed it—not the soup, but the story—we told them about it, and that was the silliest looking scientist I ever saw."

OUR SUPERIOR RAILWAYS.

German Commissioners Compare to the Favor of America.

Americans are proud of the convenience, speed and cheap rates of their railroads, and they have reason to be. This is admitted in the report of our system of traveling made by the German imperial commissioners, who have looked over our railroads. Insular and continental Europe alike use the compartment cars, and to this stage-coach system is due a large part of the inconvenience, and even danger, of European travel. The latest murder in the railway carriage is still discussed in the daily newspapers, but there is no evidence that the outcry will result in change.

If the European trains made American time, the carriages would rock and roll like a ship in a heavy sea. As it is, they are not nearly so easy and even riding as the American trains.

Sleeping car rates in the United States at \$1.50 and \$2 are considered high by some people here, but in Europe a single bed, with fewer conveniences, costs \$2.15.

The European baggage system is simply infernal. There is no thorough checking, and the passenger is supposed to look after his own baggage at every point of transfer. Our accidental arrangements in the stations, free time tables, bureau of information and methods of selling newspapers, fruits, candies and food are commanded by the German commissioners.

There is one thing in the world worse than the light furnished by the New York elevated railroad light, and that is the light in European trains.

The lack of speed in the Continental, and especially the German, locomotives is due, first, to the inferior make, and, second, to the fact that the engines are used until used up. The American idea of getting the best and highest out of the locomotives and then setting them aside for new ones containing the latest devices, is wastefulness in the eyes of the thrifty Germans.

The sale of American locomotives is not pushed as it might be in foreign lands. A Chemnitz firm has sold 11 locomotives to Java, and is building branch shops in Russia.

From New York to Chicago, 960 miles, is a twenty-hour journey. From Leipzig to Rome, 94 miles, it takes thirty-five hours. Any number of similar comparisons can be made, all of them in favor of American railroads.

SHORTHAND CONFIDENCES.

Two Stenographers Exchange Stories as to the Blunders They Have Made.

Chicago Dispatch.

They were both old-time stenographers, employed somewhere by the week, but the consciousness of being able, at will, to produce pages of hen's tracks, which only they could decipher sometimes even they failed to do—invested them with a feeling of intense superiority to the rest of mankind.

But this normal feeling was for the moment usurped by one of humility, as they sat on the sofa, the light turned gently down, and the soft radiance of

the flickering jet in the street alone illuminating the apartment. It was an hour for confession and he paved the way by saying:

"The first job I ever struck I lost through carelessness. My employer dictated a letter to a client asking him to meet him at a hotel called the Seven Elephants. I wrote it out the Seven Elephants."

"A wholesale chemist was my first employer," she murmured. "He used to keep diary. One day he dictated to me the fatal words: 'Bought a carload of sulphuric acid. Quite a good day's business.'

"How did you transcribe it?" he inquired eagerly, for he had registered a vow in his innocent soul that he would never marry a perfect idiot.

"I didn't get it quite right. 'Bought a carboy of sulphuric acid. Good God! It's poisonous.'

He moved a little way from her, but remembered his own early struggles and edged back again.

"Dearest," he whispered, "do you remember the convention which nominated Garfield?"

She thought he was trying to find out how old she was, but curiosity got the better of discretion, and she confessed to a dim memory of that occasion.

"I was hired to report the speeches of a New Yorker got up and said the dissensions among their opponents were very timely, for they bid fair to create a break in the ranks of the Democratic party."

"Oh, tell me," cried the fair girl, with a sudden accession of interest, "how did you get it?"

His head fell on his breast.

"I cannot. I dare not tell you."

Rising, she turned the lamp down still lower. "This man said the dissensions among their opponents bid fair to create a break in the ranks of the Democratic party?"

"He did! And I transcribed it 'parts of the Democratic party,' and what is more, it was printed in the papers that way the very next morning."

POETRY AS IS POETRY.

Only Kind Which Wins Its Way These Times.

From the Washington Star.

Do you all know what an "ad-smith" is?

Then let it be said that an "ad-smith" is a word of recent construction and adoption, and it means a man who writes advertisements (ads) as they should be written, and not in the old style of saying much and meaning nothing.

This story has to do with a rising young "ad-smith" of this town of Washington, who, like other men of tropical souls and ruddy tongues, had permitted his tongue to get his soul all tangled up in the golden meshes of a pretty girl's smile, and that was the end of him.

In pursuance of the usual custom made and provided for in such emergencies, he went to see the girl's father about it, a sensible old gentleman who knows the value of advertising and also the value of the right kind of a son-on-law.

"Yes, yes," the father said in response to the young man's opening address. "I know all about the fol-de-rol part. What I want to know about is business, and can you support my daughter? What can you do?"

"I write poetry, sir," responded the emotional applicant, with confidence.

The father fairly gasped.

"Write poetry?" he nearly shrieked. "Write poetry? What is the thunder can you do at that to support a family, I'd like to know?"

The young man straightened up so suddenly that the old man jumped out of the way.

"Sir," said the applicant, with the dignity of four kings. "I don't write the kind of poetry you are thinking about. I write poetry advertisements for soap and patent medicine and bicycles, and the kind that pays. See?"

"Oh, oh," sputtered the father, "really. I beg your pardon, my dear fellow. I didn't understand at all. I assure you, Take her, my boy, take her, and joy go with you."

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.

Here Is an Old Story That Points a Memorable Moral.

From the Weekly Telegraph.

The Rothschilds once held a large quantity of cotton in New Orleans, which they instructed the city to sell when cotton should reach a certain price. The agent, believing that the price of cotton would go beyond the figure named by his employers, held on until he was able to sell it at a price which netted \$4,000 more than he would have got for it if he had obeyed his orders from London.

He joyfully informed his employers of his success, supposing that they would share his satisfaction at the result. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he received a reply saying in substance: "The \$4,000 you made by disobeying our instructions is not ours. It is yours. Take it. Mr. —, your successor, starts for New Orleans today."

Horrors of Over-Science.

There is a gloom in the camp of our Prohibition friends, say the New York Press. There is a cloud settling slowly over brave old Kentucky. The cause of these twin phenomena is one. Artificial whiskey of the purest timber and the strongest quality can be made from the new illuminant, acetylene, at the ridiculous cost of six cents a gallon. This puts the greatest enemy of the race within easy reach of the down-trodden masses as well as the haughty, bibulous plutocrat and knocks the future of Kentuckian industry and glory sky-high, unless preventive legislation can be had against the villainous Acetylene Trust.

Matter for grave concern, in many ways, is this; but there is another point, brought out by Prof. Pellew, of Columbia college, in his recent lectures, a point of even major importance. The presence of alcohol in bread made with yeast ought to cause a crusade against the selling of such a veiled iniquity; for might not the eating thereof by innocent youth sow insidious seeds of an appetite for wine which is a "mocker" and for strong drink which is "raging"? For years we have been told about alum in bread. Even the sweet, simple Tennyson, in "Maud," has this line:

"Chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread, And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life."

On the top of all this, to learn that atoms, molecules or globules of alcohol are concealed in yeast and can sneak into the system under cover of bread and butter adds a new horror to existence for the sober majority. Where is all this going to stop? Is nothing safe from the prying Pinkertons of Science? Apparently naught. For Prof. Pellew pellucidly proved that

they were both old-time stenographers, employed somewhere by the week, but the consciousness of being able, at will, to produce pages of hen's tracks, which only they could decipher sometimes even they failed to do—invested them with a feeling of intense superiority to the rest of mankind.

But this normal feeling was for the moment usurped by one of humility, as they sat on the sofa, the light turned gently down, and the soft radiance of

the adulterated milk of respectable Cossack mares, contains enough alcohol per pint to tickle the seasoned palate of a New England deacon.

Thus the prospect of teetotalism and the brotherhood of man darkens all around.

If we drink real whiskey knowingly we must pay more for it than for acetylenic alcohol. If we take to that, we commit a commercial tort on a noble, sovereign State. If we do neither, we still run the risk of absorbing surreptitiously unknown amounts of alcohol in other aliments, and if on principle we refrain from eating, we die, and then, maybe, are no better off than before.

Foreign Notes That are of Real Interest.

Roman butchers are having a holiday, they having struck as a protest against the too great consumption of horse flesh in the Eternal City.

To show the advance in methods of locomotion during her reign, it is suggested that Queen Victoria should go in a state motor carriage to St. Paul, escorted by guards on bicycles.

Official reports show that while the number of men in the British army in 1895 was 200,631, the admissions into hospitals were 199,312, or over 99 per cent. More than three-quarters of the cases were of sexual diseases.

A new fluorescent material, much

THE DAILY TRIBUNE
BY
THE TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.

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Washington headquarters, Tribune Bureau, corner Sixth and E streets. THE TRIBUNE is on sale at Metropolitan Hotel news stand.



The Tribune Takes the Full Wire Service of the Southern Associated Press.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1897.

A FIFTY-CENT OFFER.

There are many funny things in a newspaper man's daily vocation. It would be ungenerous to refer to them and expose the idiosyncrasies of some people, and among them are people who think they own the earth, and the newspaper man is the smallest worm on the face of it, and here is one who writes: "Stop my paper when the time for which I have paid expires. You have it on the 'tab' March 10th—that is wrong; but it's about out now. If you will let up on the Governor and 'git' right on the lease, which, in my judgment, you are not, I wouldn't mind renewing."

Such a tempting offer as this is almost irresistible. Shakespeare says that "every man has his price." We never prided ourselves being a way-up high-priced man, but always contented ourselves with a modicum of "boodle," upon the principle that "small favors were thankfully received, and large ones in proportion," but we have at last lived long enough to receive an offer to change the policy of the paper we have the honor of editing and "flop" from a decided, avowed, and almost sworn to principle, for—what? A fifty-cent subscription.

We love our subscribers, and every one that is added to our numerous and fast-growing list, we bend just one effort to please and instruct, and it almost breaks our heart to lose a subscriber "for cause," and our friend who offers such an inducement to change The Tribune "up-side-down," has lacerated our heart to such a degree that only time can heal.

He has put us in one of those tender positions that it is excruciating to extricate ourselves from, but after a sleepless night and many hours' "floor-walking," struggling with the "evil genius," sorely tempting us to accept this delicately put offer to change cherished principles for a fifty-cent subscription, we have, in a moment of desperation, decided to decline the offer.

We are sorry, very sorry, to part company with our friend, who, it would seem, really likes The Tribune, but loves the Governor more.

We admire his loyalty to his idol, but we are sorry, that after having read The Tribune, he could find it in his heart to think we would, could or should sell out for fifty cents.

THANKS, FRIENDS, THANKS.

The Tribune has been heartily congratulated upon the spirit exhibited in its representation at the Carnival Monday night.

The three prominent features were to show The Tribune's stalwart Republicanism—at least that part of the Republican platform that represented the sound money principle of the party; its loyalty to the old Union by its presentation of the American flag and the band playing "Hall Columbia," and its display of the "stars and bars," while the band played "Dixie."

The display was sprung upon the audience. It was not on the program, and was of our own conception and executed at The Tribune's own expense.

Why did we do it? Because the opportunity offered to show to the people North and South a fraternal feeling. To show that the seed that Geo. W. Grady showed in his great Boston speech had taken root in the hearts of men born in the North, and in one of whom, who served years in the Union Army, and in an object lesson like this to show what he (Grady) had done, and to prove to the people of the South, though Northern born, we loved the South even as they love it, and we stretched out our arm to clasp the hands of our American brothers, knowing no North, no South. It was to show a spirit of reconciliation made perfect by long suffering.

If The Tribune can help to bring these people in closer touch; into a

better relationship; better understanding, it will have accomplished an achievement that will not only make our own hearts glad, but will gladden the hearts of thousands of men and women to the manner born.

We have been congratulated upon many things we have said in The Tribune since its advent, but in nothing has our heart been made so glad as the warm congratulations over the little affair on Monday night.

The people, without warning or even thought, caught the spirit of the intent, and yielded enthusiastically in response to it. A thousand thanks.

WHAT THE GOVERNOR WIRED?

In yesterday morning's paper in the Washington correspondence the following appeared:

"The President received a wire today urging the appointment of Mr. Purnell as Judge of the Eastern district. The Governor says Mr. Purnell stands at the head of the bar, and excepting Col. J. E. Boyd, is the best qualified man whose name has been mentioned in connection with the judgeship, and so it goes."

In justice to the Eastern North Carolina candidate, the exact language of his telegram is given. In response to a telegram to Mr. C. T. Bailey, of this city, asking an endorsement of Mr. Purnell's qualifications, the following telegram was forwarded:

Washington, D. C., March 22, 1897.
To C. T. Bailey:

Ask Governor to wire endorsement of my qualifications; will be Purnell or Price. THOS. R. PURNELL.

"Hon. Thos. R. Purnell, Washington, D. C.: "Say to the President that I assert that you are well qualified for the judgeship and in habits and learning and capacity, the superior of any of the NON-RESIDENT candidates, except Boyd."

HE BOYCOTTS OTHER PAPERS.

It would seem from the following extract from Col. Old's letter to the Charlotte Observer, that The Tribune is not the only paper the Czar of North Carolina boycotts. Here is what the Colonel says:

"Governor Russell has done two heretofore unknown and also literally indefensible things within the past ten days. He gave what was really public information as to the directors of the Atlantic and North Carolina and the North Carolina Railroads to one paper and to one alone. The other newspaper men used proper and due diligence in seeking this news, but were ignored. Even the Governor's henchmen cannot apologize for this. One of them admitted that it was wrong and that it would get the press of the State down on the Governor. Probably the Governor now, who has tried to ostracize the majority of his own party and the Attorney General, proposes to try the same game on the press of the State. If he can stand it, the press can, as he will discover. The newspapers of the State have always been used to fair dealing as to public news and they will be prompt and hearty in their condemnation of unfairness."

New Jersey's newspaper men will be well represented in the party which is to visit Raleigh next week. Sixty of the leaders will arrive Friday at 5 p. m., and will remain until 11:35 the next day. T. J. Anderson, general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line, and Frank A. Heywood, editor of the Southern Progress, of Philadelphia, deserve thanks for organizing the party, for at the times when things look blue and industrial development looks afar off, both men hold serenely to the faith that this is God's own country, and then come out with some stirring, but practical appeal to the conscience, intelligence and pocket books of the North in our behalf. In some senses a visit of a party of editors is a great heroic and stirs the blood like the roll of drums or the sounds of trumpets. But, unlike most heroes, an appeal to a newspaper editor appeals to the understanding of many thousand people, and Raleigh can never make a more telling hit with a quarter of a million Jerseyites or present an invocation to Northern capital more powerful than by giving the "glad hand" to our visitors of next week. Who can doubt, but a proper presentation of our advantages and resources to the New Jersey newspaper men will produce practical results. Certainly they must have some influence in their own country.

Leave Southern Pines, S. A. L. Friday, April 2, 3 p. m. Arrive Raleigh, S. A. L. station 5 p. m. The party will stop at the Yarboro House. The Chamber of Commerce will receive the party.

Leave Raleigh, S. A. L. Saturday, April 3, 11:35 a. m.; dinner at Henderson 1 p. m.

Still the impression grows that there is a notable scarcity of gentlemen competent to fill places upon the boards having charge of the various interests of the State. The impression is strengthened by the appointment of Mr. J. C. L. Harris on the State Board of Agriculture yesterday, in view of the fact that he had previously been appointed on three or four other boards. It seems that Mr. J. L. Ramsey, who was a member of the board, did not relish the idea of having to choose between two minority Populists, as they are called, who were candidates for Commissioner of Agriculture, so he resigned, and there being no other person in the range of the Governor's acquaintance available for the place, Mr. Harris was appointed. Of course no one will be so cruel as to say that the matter of per diem in connection with the meetings of the boards had anything to do with the appointment of Mr. Harris on so many of them; neither will any one be kind enough to insinuate that Mr. Ramsey resigned in order to get the place of Secretary of the board. He

HIS REPUBLICANISM IS NIT.

The Tribune has made the charge that Governor Russell was not a loyal Republican.

We are going to prove it.

The State Board of Agriculture met yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and adjourned without taking any official action.

The object of adjournment was to caucus upon appointments and to ascertain the Governor's wishes.

Accordingly, there was a caucus, and the result of that caucus was the selection of the following gentlemen for the several offices at the disposal of the Board:

J. M. Mewborn, Populist, Commissioner of Agriculture.

J. L. Ramsey, Populist and editor of The Progressive Farmer, Secretary of the Board.

Jim Young (colored), Chief Fertilizer Inspector.

Jesse L. Kelly, Populist, Wake Forest, Assistant Fertilizer Inspector.

Of course this was by order of the Governor. Well, let's see who these gentlemen are.

Mr. Ramsey is the editor of The Progressive Farmer, and as such has fought the Republican party with all the venom and vigor in his power. He is a Populist with Democratic proclivities.

He was a member of the Board,

and, with the promise of the Secretaryship at \$1,500 a year, resigned.

Governor Russell, realizing that he had shown his hand and had voluntarily

worked and worned himself out of the

Republican party, must have an organ,

and, having none in the Republican

party, hatched on to Ramsey, and of

course could not even interest that

gentleman except by putting him in a

\$1,500 position.

Great God, what a travesty upon the

reputation of Republicanism! Bear in

mind that he turned down a Republi-

cian who worked and voted for him

and the Republican ticket for Ramsey,

who has never done anything else but

darn Republicans and the Republican

party.

So much for Ramsey at this time.

J. M. Mewborn is a Populist; his op-

ponent for Commissioner of Agricul-

ture was Dr. Parker, Populist. Mew-

born was with the Governor and against

the North Carolina Railroad lease;

Parker was, if not in favor of the

lease, non-committal; hence the latter

had no show in the contest.

Jesse L. Kelly, Populist, is a brother-

in-law of S. Otto Wilson, a bosom

friend of the Governor and also a Pop-

ulist.

Jim Young is a reputed colored Re-

publican, but if he was a white man,

would be a Populist. His Republi-

cianism is not the kind that benefits his

race. He is only in it for what he can

get out of it. He is more unpopular

with his own people than he is with

Democrats, and that is saying quite

enough.

Now here is a spectacle for Republi-

cans of the State to contemplate. Not

satisfied with selecting the bitterest

Democrats in the State for his imme-

diate legal advisers, he turns down

Republicans for Populists.

Heavens! Was there ever such an

anomaly in politics?

A man, by the skin of his teeth—by

a mere fraction—secures the nomina-

tion for Governor, and that, too, in a

very questionable manner, to say the

least, to set up a little miniature

throne of his own, and ignore, turn

down, alienate Republicans from him-

self and abandon every known

precedent in politics, is freak that has

no parallel in political history.

All these men, except Mewborn, are

from Wake county. Even the State of

North Carolina was ignored. But what

does he care? He has time and again

asserted that he was Governor, and he

would do as he damned pleased, and

that is just what he is doing to the ex-

tent of his power. But it may please

the Republicans to do that some time

in the future that may remind the Governor

that there are not only Republicans in

the State of North Carolina, but that four

years are not forever.

The Governor is now safe in having

these organs to support him: The

News and Observer, The Progressive

Farmer, and Jim Young's paper. He

has bought the latter, too, by office, a

la Hyatt, and as to the News and Ob-

WILL FIGHT NO MORE MONUMENTAL HUMBUG

Fitzsimmons Says he Has Retired From the Profession.

CORBETT ANXIOUS TO FIGHT AGAIN

HE THINKS HE OUGHT TO HAVE ANOTHER TRIAL.

Jim Has a Swelled Hand and Bob a Broken Thumb to Show for Their Recent Encounter—Take "Non-Intoxicants" Together.

San Francisco, March 23.—James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons will never meet in the prize ring for another championship battle. This question was practically decided this morning when the two pugilists met in the bar-room of the Baldwin Hotel and talked over the plans quietly and dispassionately. There were no threatening gestures and no loud talk.

Corbett waited all the morning for a meeting, and when Bob arrived from Sacramento, Jim asked him if he would take a drink.

"I don't mind," said Bob.

They walked to the bar-room and both ordered non-intoxicants.

They were immediately surrounded by a curious crowd.

"How do you feel?" asked Corbett.

"I feel all right," answered Bob. "My arms are a little sore and stiff, and my thumb is very sore. The doctor says it is broken."

"I injured my left thumb early in the game," said Corbett, "when I caught you on the forehead."

"Mine was hurt in the second round," said Bob, "when I swung on your head and landed too far around."

"I tell you, Bob, people told me you were slow and easy. I wish those men who told me had been in front of you on March 15th. You won and beat me fairly and squarely."

"Well," replied Fitz, "I can assure you that you are the cleverest man I ever met in my life."

"I want to fight you again," said Corbett.

"You must talk to my manager," answered Fitzsimmons.

Julian overhearing the remark, replied that Bob had done enough fighting. He has fought more than any man living during a space of seven years," said Julian, "and he will not fight again if I can rule. His wife wants him to retire, and he will do so."

"Then I am to understand that there is not another chance for me?" said Corbett.

"I don't think so," replied Julian.

"Well, all right," remarked Corbett in a very down-hearted way, "but I should like to have one more trial. You fought Maher twice; why not give me another chance?"

"Because I have retired," said Fitzsimmons, "and I am going to settle down."

The conversation then turned to the past fight. Corbett showed his left hand, which was considerably swollen, and Fitzsimmons' right thumb is still bandaged.

The crowd had now become so thick that Corbett asked Bob and Julian to step to one side to talk privately concerning a second fight, and they moved to the settee and spoke in whispers. Their conversation was very short and evidently disappointing to Corbett, judging from his looks.

After the meeting, Corbett sat down quietly at a table in the cafe and discussed his plans for the future with a representative of the Southern Associated Press.

"I don't think Fitz and I will ever get together again," said Jim. "He is evidently sincere in his determination to retire. As I said before, I was in shape to put up the best fight of my life the day I went against Fitzsimmons in Carson, although he defeated me fair and square. You must admit though, and he admits himself that I gave him the worst punching he ever got in his life. The Olympic boys are going to give me a testimonial next week in the club-rooms. Then I shall open up in Oakland with my show. We will follow up the route to the East, playing in all leading cities, and winding up in New York about the time Fitzsimmons reaches there."

CALLED AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The President's Faculty for Remembering Names Severely Taxed.

Washington, March 23.—President McKinley informally received the body of Washington correspondents and local newspaper men in the East room this afternoon. More than a hundred members of the press attended, and those who had known Mr. McKinley here during his Congressional career, renewed their acquaintance. The President's memory for faces and names was taxed to the utmost but he proved that his reputation in that regard had not been exaggerated.

The President also received the ten members of the See Yups, who came from San Francisco to present their grievances to Yang Yu, Chinese Minister.

They were thoroughly conversant with Democratic ideas, was shown by the manner of shaking hands with the President, a decided contrast to the prostrate attitude in which they lay for two hours yesterday in the House of Yang Yu.

Montreal Shaken Up.

Montreal, Que., March 23.—A heavy shock of earthquake shook the centre of this city this evening, and caused great consternation. Large buildings shook like rods, and there was a general rush of inmates for the doors. So far no damage has been reported.

Dispatches from various parts in this province and from the eastern Ontario report similar shocks but without any damage of consequence.

Ohio Offers Assistance.

Columbus, Ohio, March 23.—Governor Bushnell sent the following telegram today to Mayor Clapp, of Memphis:

"Ohio recognizes the generosity of your people in caring for the sufferers of floods. If more tents are needed we will gladly send them to aid in your good work. Please advise me."

New Shoe Store! W. H. & R. S. Tucker & Co.

OPENING OF . . .

NEW SPRING SHOES.

Oxford Ties and Slippers. New styles, new lasts, new shapes, in Calf, Russia Calf, Titan Calf, Cordovan, Kangaroo, Colt Skin, Vici Kid, Patent Tan, Krome Kid, Etc., in blacks, chocolates, ox blood, brown, etc.

Come and see the new styles.

S. C. POOL,

130 Fayetteville Street.

THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

Incorporated 1865.

Assets Dec. 31, 1896, \$6,388,144.66.

United States Business Covered by Deposit in U. S. Bonds.

Before taking insurance do not fail to see our NEW POLICY. The Cash Surrender, Loan and Extended Insurance values are all recorded on Policy.

The Entire Reserve, which is also recorded on policy, is pledged to the policy-holder to enable him to keep his insurance in force, should he be unable to pay his premium after the policy has been in force two years. Agents wanted in every part of the State. Apply to

J. R. JOHNSTON, State Manager,

Raleigh, N. C.



Will buy the Cheapest and best . . .

TALKING
MACHINE
ON EARTH!

For sale by JOHN N. HARRELL, State Agent,
129 Fayetteville Street.

Call and see it.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Several Cases Disposed Of—John Groves' Trial Will Begin at 3 p.m. To-day.

No cases of importance were disposed of yesterday. A young white man, Will Soloman, was sent to the work-house for three years for stealing a pocket book, some money and a knife from Sam Burt.

A colored woman, Emma Murray, from Apex, was fined \$5 and costs for carrying a concealed weapon. A woman is seldom convicted of this crime.

Bob Mangum and John Hunt were tried for stealing a cow and an ox near Method a short time since. John Hunt was sent to the roads for six months. Bob Mangum proved to be weak in mind and body, and the judgment against him was suspended.

Tom Richardson, the little thirteen year old who broke into the stores of Cross & Linnehan, J. C. S. Lumsden and A. D. Royster & Bro., pleaded guilty, and was sent to the roads for twelve months. This is the second time this kid has been sent to the work house.

The following is the venire of seventy-five good citizens and freeholders who have been summoned to appear at the court house to day at one o'clock, that a jury may be selected from them to try the case of John Groves, charged with the felony of murder:

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WEALTH, NOT RUIN.

Brought by Bruin—Finds a Mine
That is Fine.

Denver Republican.

John B. Sargent, of San Francisco, who has been in the Kootenay mining districts for the last two months, tells a remarkable story of the way a tenderfoot from Montreal discovered a gold mine in that faraway mining region. The young man, who was a clerk, was spending a few weeks with a friend engaged in mining, and put in his time fishing and hunting. The location of his friend's cabin was far up toward the headwaters of one of the tributaries of the Kootenay River, far from any other prospector, and in a section where the bears were not only numerous, but inquisitive and troublesome.

When both men were away from the cabin it was necessary carefully to close up all the openings, as the bears had an unpleasant habit of climbing into the cabin, and, besides, getting away with all the provisions in sight, playing football with the cooking utensils. The bears were of the common brown variety, none of them very large, and were not considered dangerous—in fact, their worst trait of character was the familiarity which bred anger, rather than contempt. One day as the two friends returned from a hunting excursion they saw three bears investigating the surroundings of the cabin, occasionally stopping to roll about a camp kettle which had been thoughtlessly left outside.

Both men armed themselves with rifles, and as they succeeded in getting near the animals without being perceived, were able to take deliberate aim. As they delivered their fire two of the bears fell, the third scampering off up the mountain. As they supposed both animals dead, they neglected to reload, and had approached to within a few feet of the prostrate bears when the largest suddenly sprang to his feet and, with a fierce roar, made directly for them.

The young man from the city had never cultivated a close acquaintance with the bear family, and did the first thing that occurred to him—dropped his weapon and sprinted for the nearest tree, about 100 yards away, and growing on the edge of a gulch twelve or fifteen feet deep. The bear stopped a few seconds to sniff at the rifle, and then contemptuously tossing it aside, continued the chase. The hunter reached the tree and had climbed to the lower limbs when his pursuer reached it, and without any hesitation commenced the ascent. This was something that the amateur huntsman had not calculated upon, and he at once proceeded to climb higher, in the hope that his antagonist might get tired and give up. The tree leaned somewhat over the ravine, making the climbing easy, but the fact favored the bear as well, and when near the upper branches the young fellow found to his dismay that the bear was entirely too close for comfort. At that moment, however, his friend, who had recovered from his flight and reloaded, shot the animal through the head.

Now the hunt had manifested itself. The combined weight of the man and the bear had been too much for the slender hold of the roots of the tree upon the soil, and, as it leaned further and further over the gulch, it became evident that unless he could scramble down, the man would be thrown upon the rocks at the bottom. Clinging to one limb after another, he made desperate efforts to get down, but before he had accomplished more than half the distance the last root gave way, and there seemed to be nothing between him and death or serious injury. His grip closed upon the limb to which he was clinging, and in another moment the top of the tree rested on the bottom of the ravine, while the thoroughly frightened man dropped upon the carcass of the dead bear, himself almost dead with fright.

But the strangest feature of the adventure was that the earth, in falling over the tree, had removed the earth from a four-foot vein of rich quartz, the existence of which had been entirely unsuspected. Now the young man from Montreal is a horny-handed miner, making good income out of his claim, which he has named "The Bear."

COMPLACENT SPECIALISTS.

What an Eavesdropper Heard at a Consultation of Doctors.

Chicago Chronicle.
One of the most prominent citizens of the South Side was sick last week. He did not know the nature of his complaint, but he had no doubt as to its severity. He suffered several days in spite of the efforts of the family physician. Then he began to realize he was growing worse. He asked the doctor to tell him what was the matter with him. When that learned person got through telling him he did not fully comprehend what it was, but he had a feeling of dread alarm.

"I want you to call some of the best doctors in town to a consultation," he said.

The family physician obeyed and the next day a half dozen medical men came in and examined him. They withdrew to a room and consulted. When they concluded their conference they told the patient that the treatment he was receiving was the proper one, and they believed he would soon be convalescent.

The patient grew worse. He asked for another consultation, which was granted. Before the doctors came he called the butler and told him to hide in a closet in the room to which the doctors would withdraw for conference.

"They are holding back something from me," he said. "I want to know the truth. You must listen to what they say and report it all to me, word for word, when they go. I want to know the worst."

The medical men came and looked at the patient's tongue, felt his pulse, took his temperature and put a stethoscope to his heart and lungs and then they retired. After a half hour they returned to the sick man.

"We are agreed," said the spokesman, "that the same treatment should be persevered in and that you will soon be convalescent."

The doctors went away and the butler came out of his hiding place.

"What did they say?" asked the head of the house, turning a feverish look from the silk-cased pneumatic pillow on which his head rested. The butler hesitated.

"Don't be afraid to tell me the truth. I am prepared to know the worst. It cannot hurt me more than this awful suspense."

"Well, they didn't talk much about you at all," said the butler.

"What did they talk of?"

"Well, they sat around and chatted about several things. Then one of them said: 'What is the matter with him?'

Two or three said they didn't know. Then one turned to the family physician and said: "What do you think it is, doctor?" He said he'd be d—d if he knew. Another one said then that there was no use to worry about it."

"What reason did they give for that?" asked the patient eagerly.

"Because they said the autopsy would show what was the matter with you."

Pugilism in the South.

From the Knoxville Journal. The Atlanta Constitution says the origin of populism "was a revolt of many of the people against the trading in which political managers indulged." This is a part of the truth, but not all of it. In the south especially there was something more. In Alabama, where grangerism and populism were at one time exceptionally strong, it was largely against dishonest election methods. Elections in Alabama, as in other states, had grown so rotten that hundreds were disgusted and populism presented to the minds of many one of the best and most effective methods of protesting against such practices.

In Georgia it was different. The controlling class in Georgia politics adopted wise methods, and none the less effective, for crushing out and squeezing flat whatever opposition existed to the Democratic party. Fewer negroes were killed in Georgia and fewer white men proscribed on account of their politics than in almost any other southern state. Another thing that made matters better in Georgia than in Alabama, was the majority of the whites over the negroes is larger in Georgia. Populism in Georgia was a protest against the arbitrary rulings of those who undertook to run the machinery of the Democratic party; it was a revolt against a close corporation.

In Tennessee, in addition to being a protest against the insolence of Democratic leaders, populism was also a protest against theft and perjury at the ballot box. The bridge across the stream that divides Democracy from Republicans seemed longer and more difficult than that between populism and Democracy and men took the shorter bridge. They went over to populism instead of into the Republican party, because they had no sympathy for the disreputable and thoroughly dishonest rogues who were manipulating election returns in this state. Hence, while there is a wide difference between the principles of the Republican and those of the Populist party, there has been a friendly feeling between them, as they occupied the same ground in opposing dishonest elections.

Whatever may have been the origin of populism in other sections of the country the causes above noted account for its origin in the south. These things being true, it is easy to see how in the campaign last year, when the Populist train was switched off to the Bryan track, there were more middle-of-the-road Populists in the south than in other sections of the country.

More Leaders Than Followers in Sight.

From the Washington Post. Private John Allen, of Mississippi, made a speech in the Democratic caucus the other day that, from the reports, was rich, rare, and racy. It was delivered just prior to the balloting for the honor of being named as leader of the minority in the present House. No stenographers were present in the caucus, and the unique beauty of this oratorical gem, as it has been described by one of the appreciative members present, has been lost to the world. If Allen will pardon the lack of literary adornment, the Post will reproduce his unequalled effort as it comes to it second hand:

"You may get up here and talk about your leaders," said Mr. Allen, "and you may vote for this man and that man for your leader, but I want to call your attention to the fact that leaders are not elected, but born. As I look around upon this noble assemblage, I see a great many faces before me, of men who would unquestionably make great leaders. And perhaps it may be impertinent for me to suggest it, but I think we ought not to be in too big a hurry to choose a leader until we hustle around and get together a few more of us for the leader to lead.

"It's all very well to be trying to get a mortgage on the speakership, which can be foreclosed in the next Congress, but suppose it happens that there is nothing to foreclose on then, what good will it do the man who holds the mortgage? There was a great many great leaders in various parts of the country during the last campaign, but as I look around me, there are many of them whom I do not see here now, and while we are counting on the victories which we are to win two years from now, it may be possible that there may be some of us who will not be here then."

A Beneficent Provision.

From Truth. "I tell you what it is, Blinks, old man, this is a pretty wisely planned world, after all."

"How's that?"

"Why, take drinking, for example; a man never sees snakes till he's so drunk he doesn't care a darn what he sees."

MANY WANT TO SPEAK.

Not Time Enough for All to be Heard on the Tariff Bill.

Washington, D. C., March 22—Notwithstanding that forty hours have been provided for general debate on the tariff bill, much more than that time has already been asked for by those on Chairman Sherman's list. Members of the committee on ways and means are entitled to an hour each, and those who open the debate usually have all the time accorded to them that they desire to use. Many of those who desire to speak will be compelled to find their opportunity in the course of the five minutes' debate and take advantage of the "leave to print" to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record. Opponents of the bill are much more in evidence in the list of applicants for time than friends of the measure.

KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

Fitzsimmons Lays Out a Drummer With His Left.

San Francisco, Cal., March 22—Robert Fitzsimmons knocked out an English traveler named Campbell in the Baldwin hotel bar room this morning. After his exhibition at a local resort last night, the champion, Martin Julian and W. A. Brady, Corbett's manager, returned to the hotel and spent the night discussing a return match. Along towards morning Campbell drifted up to the bar, and addressing the Cornishman said the Carson affair was not a true fight battle, and that the best man did not win. Fitzsimmons jumped towards the strainer and swung his left with terrific force, knocking the intruder down.

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